

Curros Whires

**Accidental Socially Progressive Weekend:
No Prizes But A Nice Time**

*PLUS: Spam Panther fills in the
details!*

**Reduced
For Quick Sale**

**C.D.I.Q AFFILIATED GANG CROSS PATHS
WITH AFRICAN-OZ HIP HOP CREW**

**MORE THAN A RAVE REVIEW: COMRADE
XERO, WORLD PEACE SANTA, GIRLSUCK**

LIKE THE OLD DAYz

(I hope 'curros' isn't an actual word?)

PREAMBLE

It's about time something was written, by me of course, because I am the one who has done heaps of other zines, I guess.

It is generally the case that someone wishes to maintain a socio-cultural role if they start to do stuff, and the rest of the options are boring.

I had been thinking about what my insurance or assurance, I mean, would be if I were to lose this job here writing for this little paper.

A few 'writer development' activities were undertaken. They all filled my head with something that could be written about (or directed other actions). Those do not have a hundred percent success rate though, even if good money is paid for them.

So I thought, "What if I decided I was no good any more and fired myself?" Contemplating this executive decision and ramping up internal supervision over myself, with a team of online social work tutors critiquing other non-journalistic, non-creative but still transferable writing skills made me, a) less productive, b) self-absorbed, c) half guilty, half self-soothing, d) 'escaping' to the present, e)- No, I don't even know the cause and effect here. Silly, let's leave it.

It was an inability to let go. This paper is the format for letting go, moreso than the political soapboxes on the internet. That's like working for the comfortable corporation with your lazy little office corner, seeing the same motivational posters.

Anyhow, this is not really getting to the heart of what I want to talk about.

Where do I start? Firstly, I don't want to chime in. I want to start from the premise that I should think like I care about everything in the world.

If I didn't, what I wrote about people around me would degenerate to circle jerk, technical stuff, a little blanky and pat on the back for your class identity, hm, maybe drawing in some trendy or tokenistic stuff about social justice or the

environment out of guilt or denial that we're just another group of people with pros and cons and reasons to feel boring.

Fine to be cosy and voyeuristic sometimes, because it's inevitable. It's the culture we have to work with.

Anyhow, there I am being distracted justifying the thing I want to surpass.

Now I'm thinking about the term 'mission statement'. My mouth is now shut. This article is over, having a break, because now the tight fist of nitpicky, bureaucratic, preconceived-idea, tainted motives, reminders of lack of freedom have laid claim to this. Pummel me into a sieve and get the right words out. Brand me, give me a tattoo of arts funding body, the govt, registered charity or something.

I was getting somewhere. I was going to explain. You're staring at me. YOUR privileged eyes. You're staring at each other too. Who's up the top there, when the demands of 'resources', 'accountability', 'oversight', paniicky admin details and sickly PR conventions govern you, with people above you, and then – you'll be staring at the wealthiest, greediest, most anal, most fearful, collection of satan characters in the world.

This zine here exists to be governed by the meek. That's what the best of them were, in spirit. The OK ones were guided by people so-so, entertaining, speculative, safe and factual.

A great deal of time and energy was diverted towards trying to defend my human spirit underneath the eye of uni tutors under the eye of each other, under the eye of uni authorities, under the eye of whoever affords them a bit of space to talk to the down and out. There's a risk of becoming lukewarm. Some of them seem disgusted at themselves, like they had a sip of lukewarm maccas filter coffee. They don't want to serve both money and the down and outs. And I don't mean serving money by being materialistic or consumerist or anything, but by not putting certain people and materials to their correct purpose.

Something's a bit off but you don't know what it is, and you keep serving it up cause it's what's in the fridge. "EAT IT! I have to!" "Yuuuummmm, you want this, don't you? It has asparagus in it, research has shown to be good for.fdfgvdf. Now let's discuss your preference.. Yes, your experience is valid. How about you, eat a little asparagus?"

I might serve up shit every now again but I'll be looking around the garden, digging in bins, pestering suppliers, experimenting with spices, eating the same shit, and you can help me do the work fi you like. Might have to request access to Official Fridge every now and then or something, but im not stuck with that and neither should you be.

HOSPITALITY ON PARADE

Is that a Sparks reference? Yes. The song is about the American style of egalitarianism where everyone's a special customer somewhere.

'Hospitality', I am sure, makes a great portion of you cringe. I could have said at one point that the whole industry should be done away with. I may have even boycotted McDonalds in part because of the empathy for the hapless teenagers having to serve me. How can you enjoy yourself when it's reluctant hospitality? You MAKE them act happy and it's pretty shit. Work is work, sure, but most you can ask for is competence and common decency. But what if you had more than that? It makes sense.

What if there was some way to make everybody genuinely hospitable? To save the world and stuff?

TBC

DESTRUCTION

On the path to destruction, go on a disgusting, xpensive spree of the mose unethical products as far as the environment goes – UNLESS you want to die with crystal clear conscience - because the ocean and the plastic within it may be subject to nukes or climate change and it does not look like the projected demographic of consumers switching to 'green' shit will stop the onslaught.

If you've disciplined yourself this long, a single sundae in a disposable cup, a \$1 hamburger or a soft drink can thrown under the wheels of a bus is probbaly exotic fun.

Well anyhow, enjoy the sugar rush and think, while your sotmach aches about the fact we're all so socially and culturally separated that nobody's had a level headed heart to heart chat to the people who decide that the economic risk (i.e. disruption of livelihoods of everyone in supply chains from head offices down to the little Maccas employee and farm hands, apprentices and masked plastic factory workers, the shareholders, everybody!) is so bad that THEY have to do their job in the exact same way, THEY are so important keeping the peace, that they'll take a gamble that their decisions to administer basic necessities, and unnecessary goods, to the world will NOT have an impact on the world in any physical way. This is despite the fact that it looks gross, smells gross, etc.

People are making decisions to cause this as though it's their duty to society. No wonder people are going crazy – people respect ANYTHING as long as it's your job and some theoretical, partial benefit to a bunch of people (including a few poorby's lol, or tokens), some understandable strategy. Anyhow, I'm digressing slightly.

The equation is this: the more you make, or administer, shitty decisions, the more people and animals that will bear the consequence or risk, the shittier and more abstract the reasons for making those decisions is, the more capital (social, cultural and money/asset wise) you have or have had the opportunity to accumulate, the more there is something wrong with you. It could be psychological, cultural, or both.

See, it's a SUBJECTIVE reason that makes you – I mean them - do that, and a warped, convoluted one. That means your experience of your insides and thoughts, your bosses, your coworkers, your dumb friends who expect mortgages and shit, your transport ministers, and all the people overseas to compare and compete with in national interest, of course, have all got

your neurons in a little tangle together. Your synapses, or whatever.

You – I mean, they – shouldn't lose heart or lose your mind with some dumb "free ur mind" 'alt' shite tho. Nurture it and respect you and your planet is good advice and all but now, YOU -oops they - have the social and cultural capital, and the proximity, and the uhh, professional, interpersonal confidence (suure) to REALLY GET TO 'THEM'. AND be better! You could even afford to lose your mind, like OBJECTIVELY, MATERIALLY. Middle manager makes mass-orders of polystyrene for chain of school tuckshops? Don't give the kids a shit eating grin and photograph your poor little elven year old and frazzled teachers with their environment projects, you could go to his for drinks and order a biig halal snack packs for everybody, vomit all the meat onto his wife's plants, tear the container up into little pieces and clog up his pool filter, "I DONT RECYCLE I KARMACYCLE!! ENVIRONMENTAL VANDALISM PAYBACK! I DID IT FOR THE WHALES" get a free ambulance ride and a little rehab holiday!

Or you could apologise and say "it's not your fault man, it's industrialisation and capitalism, and the boss being mean to you if you didnt do it, and you deserve to have nice things in your life,,

Start with holding the ordinary people with closer proximity and higher scope of influence to account. Not 'the companies', not low-power consumers, not anxious housewives craving a sense of orthodoxy, but people who can pass things on till it gets to the people responsible. Not slogans or stats either. Just, heart to heart, "Are you kidding me?" or the like.

Well, I guess you/they will feel constrained by norms of where you are from, your gender, and your friend circle culture. So, you'll have to think about an approach that will be genuine. It's not what you're going to say to 'advance the cause' but who you are going to be. Ideally not an antagonistic dickhead or wry little convert.

THE BEARDO SATURDAY 13 OCTOBER, PHASE 4 RECORDS DAY AFTER

First news first, somebody banned from the Beardo is featured in a photo crowdsurfing.

Second news, there was a show with Lying Down, World Peace Santa, Aywin and Girlsuck.

Phase 4 Records Comrade Xero, Come Die In Qld.

I suppose it felt like a pretty ordinary weekend of live music. Though this one was on the light end of the intoxication spectrum, and context of being 'busy', while the last two shows were not, leaving Hankwood review sitting around and Piss Pain last show too as well as some others. I'll paste them later.

Now I've sat down with my eggs on toast on a Monday morning to tell you about what, in quiet reflection, I have realised to be a remarkable exhibition of local music. That sounds a bit dull but, forget my own dullness (mainly standing up the back like a cosy cat, thinking about treats perhaps).

The music was mainly, the most energising, or tear-inducing, goosebump making, ("First pinger band", I walked past Shan saying about CDIQ) music that I usually reserve for the cover of a bedroom and headphones tucked away from awkward kids like myself, in order to entertain fantasies of toughness and social power. Can move around a bit without looking like a dick or a dork, you know.

Thanks to John Morris the hustler I was in a small crowd of us noise scene, pondering white kids watching a real live MC, for the first time unless the 2005 Hillsong United Youth Rally guest performer counts (was it the Christian Side Hug? Or am I projecting internet cynicism on to it? Weird times, they were).

My eyes scanned the room, and scanned my body, searching for possible microaggressions and offenses towards these presumably streetwise guests to the lineup.

Couldn't think of better people's sets for Aywin's

set to be sandwiced in between except Madboots. World Peace Santa (Emma Johnson) and the Girlsuck girls Rhiannon and Maxi, I reckon could endear themselves to anybody. Actually Comrad Xero would've fit, very well, but I'll get to that.



Illustration 1: RYAN TOPEZ PIX - LYING DOWN

Alright, so, Lying Down, missed all but one song waiting for a bus. Had to go to the toilet. Which was occupied by people pleading plausible dependability for taking a dump cause they started adding to the graffiti and got carried away. It's like a shittier version of Twitter (as far as the words go) but better, because you don't tick terms and conditions and you're FREE.

Heard some Lying Down wordy words and thought, I bet those are good words but the song was over. Next time I could have a good lie down and try to make them out. Nothing wrong with Lying Down, they don't excite me but they don't have anything which triggers a nitpicky sceptical feeling either. that's certainly nice. And I'm sure they're saying something that's very honest and maybe a bit brave if I would stop exploiting what I'm (perhaps generously) interpreting as endless humility, and borderline-indifference, to do my own equivalent of Lying Down. "Hey hey sleepy heads get off that couch there, hey why you are the bar, look at that guy, let's wait for him to get his drink and then we'll start, all together now! LOL just kidding do what you want. Just getting the job done you know, don't mind us..."

After thaatt I was standing right next to a friend of a friend I'd met on my very first night out in Brisbane, a 40-something slick dressed portrait

photographer named Antony. Pretty nice dude but didn't join me in the music. "Cheers, to good health." He'd have chaperoned me around, I think.



Illustration 2: WORLD PEACE SANTA LOGO

Aafter thaaaattt Is at up the back legs crossed all compact and spectating. Emma has a style that is fresh and endearing. Giving it a go and got those dopamine synapses pleased like I was looking at a compouter screen. This was real life, I thouht, which means you can interact and stuff. But nahh, I like to watch people's feet to move to this sort of laid back electro stuff. Had seen her in the bathroom and she said nice thing about a part of a book draft (a bible) that I had sent her on the internet. She had read it! All in all glad I got to see her set, and World Peace Santa, what a name.

John Morris the social researcher slash booking guy watched attentively, smiling at her mingling with the little hip hop crew. Would this work? Was it the divine hand of God working Aywin into this set last minute?



Illustration 3: RYAN TOPEZ PIX - AYWIN

There was a dude with black snapback, black sunnies, black bandanna maybe, a pretty standout presence. I don't know who or what precisely he was associated with, except Aywin, and there was this guy with a coloured bandanna over his head and a clarinet, who stood facing the corner after the show. There were also a fair few people in the crowd who I didn't recognise, and an African-looking man, exactly the kind who would fill Casablanca. He was dancing with people, and Aywin, who got off the stage to dance.

Between the set I think I recognised an Iggy Azalea song and Ayla followed the American accent thing. The music sounded cool, I took my ear plugs out (no shame in them) to hear better what she was rapping fast and all I could make out was the "you aint got nothin bitch" and "little bitch boy", pointing at my friend, who didn't know what it meant. We showed each other our earphones at the start, maybe that could be interpreted as, "we dont want to hear?"

I stood to the side, near the front, wide empty circle in front, while they were setting up and contemplated the worldviews of Aus hip hop and the noise scene. In case you didn't notice, I like words and trying to figure stuff out and say it in as clear terms as possible. How well can you explain the social structure in a way that can give someone a verbal punch on the solar plexus? Stream of consciousness? They don't (or arent 'supposed' to?) fuck around as much.

Then there's the tinsel, the theatrics, the extroverted physical side. Long part-golden blonde shiny dreads flicked in the air like medusa and captured on professional camera, in an instant would look great on a pamphlet or website but pretty detached from all of us dorks watching. I mean to be fair, most of her shows probably go off, but I reckon awkward white art kids with internet call out cultures, deferential demeanours, and so on are like "what do we do?" but if she said "fuckin dance" we still somewhat represent those lollapalooza teenagers from the Simpsons.

INEXPLICIT LYRICS our album covers could say. Natural instinct is to deviate in an intuitive, childlike, ambiguous, queer kind of way, our

extroversion is weird. I don't speak for everyone, certainly. And this is a bit of a TANGENT.



Illustration 4: RYAN TOPEZ PIX

GIRLSUCK, I have now seen twice, for real this time. Maxi played her guitar the wrong way around for a bit. Like not upside down but with the strings right on her. Then for an encore En Kernaghan was roped into playing drums for them, and I thought he was some dude who worked there doing the sound. Maybe he was on sound but it was En Kernaghan. Reflecting on a hare krishna convert drumming for dressed up for going out with a touch of glamour makes me feel a bit more justified in yelling a Gold Coast postcode at them after the third beer. Phil (not Piss Pain Phil) the unobtrusive, attentive backbone bassist, wouldnt neglect to mention either. Dunno if I said it but for all their theatrics, they feel most real to their anger and delights to me. It sounds bratty, and scary, but being true to your body like a hypo child is the best self care you can get, these quiet and self-reflective 'mature' acts are *about* their emotions but don't quite literally move them and move you.

Milled around outside a usual. Not many drinks packed in by this stage and I was going to bail.

the
Kernaghan
them, and I
↓
was also doing
FX on Rhiannon's
vocals, someone
called it "vocal
djing" for the
first 1000 songs

Illustration 5: ETHAN KERNAGHAN ALSO MOVED AROUND DOING VOCAL FX, BEFORE SWITCHING TO DRUMS AND MAXI TO VOCALS. THX SPAM PANTHER FOR FILLING US IN XO



Illustration 6: RYAN TOPEZ PIX



Illustration 7: EN K'S HEAD BOTTOM LEFT

COMRADE XERO, CDIQ

What I noticed after this show was that this weekend wins the fucking prize for social progressiveness.

What makes it gold is that I didn't even damn notice. Standing in a crowd n a record store, with about three grey heads, little old woman moving to the beat a bit, some teens and young adults, maybe about half young and old, half men and women, and beautiful, authoritative, wise storytelling by a music veteran Irena Xero. Standing, behind laptop and equipment, in front of a projector with lyrics and footage collages, long purple-tinted grey hair and glasses. Swaying, impassioned, playing what I'd call socially evolved rave. Lots of electronic music makes me think ah, anything BUT aging gracefully, whether its drug damage, neglect of any building blocks of the utopian future dreamed of, or mediocre gym aerobics (there is a gym I walked past, where you can hear an MC and loud club music).

Now I wouldn't say this is music is fulfilling rave's utopian dreams but it certainly helps establish some of its building blocks. It's distant dreaming and reflecting music more than it is reconstructing music. You could definitely have a massive room of people dancing to it, in a process of healing and unification. Just saying my minor twinge of unease is that I could get very comfortable listening to this and slump over feeling uninvolved, not implicated, not responsible for anything but a small circle, you know. I think I compare everything to the Fall,

but I reckon that's re-construction, whereas this sitting, healing, wind blowing in hair. Distant future change, good natured critique.



Illustration 8: GREG HILLEARD PIX - COMRADE IRENA

I'm drawing a bit from the SOOT ZINE 2 interview here. Feeling of being an outsider, dislocated, you're rising above it. Universal cool breeze. Difference between dreamy electronic stuff like John Maus, TRST, ah, Crystal Castles, Griems, that stuff that would serve a similar escapist purpose to me is that Comrad Xero plays punk music essentially, and blatantly, articulately. You can *trust* her. You won't see these CVRCHES or whoever fans swaying at a record store in glitter doc martens in 30 years. Maybe a reunion show at somewhere like The Zoo, and Grimes will open her mouth to whisper lyrics like "EUREURURGH eh" through false teeth or gums, maybe bit of plastic surgery paid for by Elan Mosk, or maybe she will be a hologram shipped off to every major city. Not Comrade Xero, she's REAL. Dunno if her sandwiches are

tumblr worthy, I know the projected video collages made the room feel like I was alone on youtube a bit, which is a lot of what is bringing these millennial comparisons to mind. But get that, she had lyrics up there, sung a song in French with the lyrics scrolling across, because she has important things to say. Almost made me cry, songs for people who came on boats, for the displaced, the lonely, for the people with disrupted legacies ('nihilistic song for my ancestors' 'who the fuck are they, they will say'), and I thought of how in the interview she came from Lithuania and didn't speak English and felt like an outsider. Thought of the show the previous night with people from so many different places, overwhelmingly strong female presence, and then all these people at a record store on a Sunday afternoon like a secular church service. Almost shed a tear for the sense of community I lost leaving church, realising that these people needing somewhere to go and be accepted was the reason I left, and that these intense and unique acts played to well-behaved, multigenerational etc. crowd were so precious, still disconnected from each other and any form of stable society, but still entirely naturally gathered like this.

I mean it's something to be proud of, makes you think, maybe everyone is capable of a lot more. Doesn't have to be forced or socially exclusive in dumb ways. Maybe you CAN have a legacy, maybe you can escape the feeling of dread that you won't be able to drink anymore, that this is a party scene, that we're a bunch of kiddies bashing away, willing to point the finger but not be capable of seeing how to create social movement. WTF does 'social movement' mean? Eww something academics and activist prats on badly designed websites, I dunno, something dull and hard sounding that sounded cool when you were 17 but you gave up on. You who recoil at that term, 'social change', just think of it like the hand of God. You're a cell of God's finger. (Don't give God cancer). Don't make God feel depressed. You have to come and see for yourself what the human characters are like. Not money, not food, not sex, not usually alcohol. Sometimes conscience under free will, sometimes fun, sometimes interest.

Want to hear Jack be angry. Oh also Com die Ine

Queensland is the cool band that skipped church or mass or prayer times or meditations (ha am I being politically correkt am I? What's the problem?) but probs church and work, maybe breakfast even, and fuck the gym. They don't need it. They look after each other a bit, I hear, roast dinners and stuff.

Was disappointed half of RG's didn't hear the glorious fury and wander over, kept looking at the street over my shoulder to see some foot traffc. I like it, my body likes it, my repressed rage n all that likes it, its best ive seen n heard in ages.

So yep that's the weekend (just about)



